Dragons Into Dreams by B.B. Asmodeus

Category: Stranger Things, 2016
Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance
Language: English
Characters: Eleven/Jane H., Mike W., Will B.
Pairings: Mike W./Will B.
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2017-11-13 11:26:18
Updated: 2017-11-13 11:26:18
Packaged: 2019-12-17 04:51:54
Rating: T
Chapters: 1
Words: 3,323
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Mike had thought of Eleven every day. And apparently, Will had thought of Mike in the same frequency and intensity.

Dragons Into Dreams

"**Dragons Into Dreams.**"

By B.B. Asmodeus.

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Fandom: Stranger Things (2016).

Pairings: Will Byers/Mike Wheeler is my OTP. Background Mike Wheeler/Eleven.

Spoilers: From 2x05 "Dig Dug" going forward.

Synopsis: Mike had thought of Eleven every day. And apparently, Will had thought of Mike in the same frequency and intensity.

Categories: Canon Rewrite, Teen Romance, First Love, Friendship, Hurt/Comfort, Mike's Epic Freakouts.

Warning: First of all, this fic is a translation of my spanish-and-original version. (Greetings from Mexico!) Any mistakes are mine. :) Hope you like it.

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track 01.

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"'Cause every night when I'm asleep

I'm turning dragons into dreams."

-The Rasmus.

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He found the sketches by accident.

Curled up in the sleeping bag given by Mrs. Byers, attentive to the string of sporadic and nightmarish groans coming from above his head, Mike had little idea of what he would find under Will's bed.

It was a very peculiar feeling that rushed into Mike's chest upon the discovering, when a loose set of paper sheets was released from a shoe box into his hands.

Just then, Mike was exposed to the real quality of Will's work. His sight relished at the true talent, hidden beneath wizardly-caricaturesque sketches. He found faces. Smiles. Dustin's cap marked in pencil, barely containing his wild curls. Luke's wide grin, along with his multicolored stripped t-shirt. The half outline of Mike's bike. The first four sketches sent warm straight to his face, a similar effect from his mom's overbearing hugs.

But then it came, the shock.

Mike found himself in a mirror of unusual nature; one made out of paper.

Mike at different angles, in different sizes; born out of different time-lines.

He soon found out, too, that the drawings starring him exceeded the rest. There were portraits of Mike's dark and serious eyes, pouting from lined-up yellow pages. Mike with short hair. Mike with longer hair, adding the annoying curls that had begun to grow from the tips since last summer.

It was a *peculiar* and *powerful* feeling, which captivated Mike Wheeler in that moment.

There was dedication in these drawings. The multiples strokes, erased-and-begun-again, speaking of Will's effort in terrifying detail.

Mike shallowed hard, probably his heart back to his damn chest —'cuz *holyshitWill*.

It was like losing Will, losing Eleven, embracing Will in the hospital

—all that emotional chaos intermingling in his being, reaching a peak trough out danger and panic—Facing these paper sheets felt like facing the Demagorgon all over again.

Even crazier than all that, was what Mike felt brimming underneath.

The pleasure. The satisfaction. The exploding excitement of knowing that Mike had the guarantee to say *this person is freaking mine*.

Eleven had been his, their *thing* born out of shared loyalty and sparks flying from contact with one another. And while Mike had never doubted Will's loyalty, to see these drawings, felt like reaffirming the strength of their bond all over again.

Mike had thought of Eleven every day. And apparently, Will had thought on Mike in the same frequency and intensity.

Gasping, Will woke suddenly and Mike was quick to push the drawings back to its hiding place. "Will? What's wrong?" When Will responded to his call, pale, sweaty, confused, Mike couldn't believe the drawings have come from him. Byers' eyes were empty of any warmth.

Will looked through him, not *at* him, despite how hard Mike put himself in front of him.

"I think… I think Hopper is in danger."

Mike followed him when Will shared the same information to Mrs. Byers. Mike followed him all over the house, for hours, while trying to find the Chief's location, and followed him out of the car in the middle of the night, when Joyce was the most kick-ass woman in the world for going down the tunnel connected to the Upside-Down.

Afterwards, Will wouldn't stop trembling, looking at the grotesque hole in the ground, waiting for his mother. Mike didn't think, just acted.

Shy surprise changed his friend's face to something less sober, at feeling Mike hand's intertwining with his.

Mike smiled him. "Are you cold? Do you wanna go back to the car?"

Will shook his head. "N-No, I'm fine. I just can't—I couldn't stand to just sit there until…"

"Until she's out of there. Yeah, I get it."

He let go of Will's icy hand just to cover Will's shoulders with his entire arm, sharing warm. Will's body felt smaller than usual. More vulnerable. Will Byers, Super Spy. Mike wanted to protect him so damn much. He wanted his friend's shitty suffering to cease once and for all. Will didn't deserved it.

Of course, his wish didn't come true, no matter how hard he tried to think it into reality.

All the freaking opposite.

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Will was bound from hands to feet.

And he was screaming, making the lights flash. Mike feared he would bring the whole world down their heads.

Will was no longer *Will*—No, he was. *Had* to be—had to be in there, still alive, waiting for help. Joyce begged him to come back, to fight the monster inside. Jonathan joined her.

Will just… looked at them with eyes wide open, blank. Unaffected.

Mike took his turn.

He talked about their first day of kindergarten; he tried to let Will know how much that day still meant for him. Mike left himself bare in a way that wasn't easy for him. The walls came down, just because it was Will who needed it…

His best friend. His *first* friend. And they were satellites, always gravitating towards each other. Didn't Will see it? Mike would never abandon him, so Will had to return the damn favor!

Not-Will didn't even flinch. Their collective sorrow meant nothing to him.

"I saw the drawings."

Mike took a moment to realize what had just come out of his big mouth. Joyce turned to him, her frown twisted in confusion. Jonathan too, looking quiet scared, as if he knew *exactly* what Mike was talking about.

Mike shouldn't do it. Shouldn't say this out loud, in front of *all* these people. But, at the same time, what was there to lose? Censoring his mouth wasn't very Mike-like for starters. So he carried on.

Maybe his recklessness would pay off tonight, of all the nights.

Walking in light feet, Mike knelt in front of Byers. He went for subtle, conspiring-level whispering. He was about to break Will's privacy big time, after all—he didn't need to be loud about it.

"The drawings under your bed, I mean. I saw all of them, Will. They're… they´re amazing. More than amazing. I know I shouldn't have snooping down there, but…" No. Mike shook his face. His fists clenched. Suddenly, he felt a hell lot of frustration. "It's so typical of you to hide, Byers." Questions stormed Mike, a shuddering force leading him to more desperation. Since when did Will feel this for him? For how long had been Mike the object of his attentions with him none the wiser? Mike felt so stupid for not seeing it. "You hide what you really feel, just like you're hiding right now behind the Shadow Monster, because it's easier. It's easier that to fight it, right? Well, it's not fair! It's not fair that you get to give up, when I'm always fighting for you!"

Not-Will blinked. A tear spilled down his cheek.

Mike wondered if the Shadow Monster could feel it through Will. Something as mundane as a teardrop.

"Will." Mike whined. "They… they don't bother me, I swear. The drawings." *Your feelings*. "Come back. Just… come back, so I can show you that you can do more than draw me in a stupid piece of paper."

"Will, honey." Joyce added with fragile softness, rubbing Mike's shoulder to calm him down. "If you're in there, please talk to us." They were all on the edge of a cliff. Waiting for a signal. "Could you do it, honey? Please… please. I love you so much. We *all* do."

Will's mouth was shaking with words that refused to make it past his esophagus. He kept quivering. Mike though he looked pretty fucking shattered.

"Let me go."

The robotic order went swift as a knife through Mike's chest. Joyce sighed. Jonathan groaned.

Mike bit his lower lip hard enough to draw blood.

Tip-tap. Tip-tap.

Mike blinked.

Tip-Tap. Tip-tap.

The rhythmic sound forced him to duck his head further down. Will's fingers were twitching all over his seat. Mike wasn't the only one who noticed it. When Hopper hurried outside, back into the house, Joyce and Jonathan followed him.

They came back with hope in their expressions.

Morse code.

Will was communicating.

H E R E.

Twenty minutes later, Jonathan was playing that ridiculous song that Will loved, while he babbled on and on about the first day they hear it together. Hopper became a fixed presence, communicating the non-stop Morse Code-messages by radio to the gang.

C L O

Mike went into Full Campaign Mode, demanding Will to remember about the Fog Cloud save. About the long hours spent in the Wheeler's basement.

S E

"I meant it." Mike mumbled, in an opportunity that Hopper distanced himself from the two of them. Will's soulless gaze was something Mike couldn't bear. So Mike made more dumb decisions. Impetuously, he held the boy's chin with his hand, wanting to force him to *see* him. Mike wet his bruised lips. "Seriously, Byers, you should've told me. I'm not upset, dummy. You hear me?" His forehead fell against Byers's. Will inhaled deeply. He lowered his eyelashes to his level and Mike's heart went crazy between his ribs. "Do you really hear me, Will? Do you *really* get what I'm saying?"

Mike began to back away, but his eyes were ready to catch it. A small thing, imperceptible to somebody else who wasn't Mike Wheeler, Obsessive Extraordinaire: a delicate turn of Will's chin toward Mike's, trying to follow him for a fraction of a second, his lips parted on instinct.

Will's fingers moved down below his seat, working on an answer.

Y E S.

Mike didn't let out his sob until Joyce came back to take her shift. He got as far as he could without breaking Hopper's rules, hiding in the patio's bushes.

It was completely ridiculous, but Mike was more afraid of what was going on between Will and him, than any blasted Shadow Monster. The world could go to hell, but Mike couldn't breathe, or think straight since he had lay eyes on those damn drawings!

He had faith in Will. He knew Will could kick the Monster's ass out, but at the same time, Mike was panicking. What was going to happen when Will was back, in front of him, hoping that this time, Mike wouldn't flinch from their chins nearly knocking themselves together?

His kiss with El was a bittersweet memory, a still-open wound. The more Mike tried not to think about her, the worse it was when Mike finally let himself miss her—*feel* her.

Mike would be the first to admit that taking care of Will had served to compress Eleven in the far corner of his mind, because Will was the only force that could battle with El's.

But what did that mean? Why thinking of Will gave Mike's stomach the same kind of summersaults as Eleven's faint kiss?

Eleven-Will. Will-Eleven.

Why couldn't Mike have one friend, without losing the other?

T H E

G A

T E.

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They were surrounded. Nancy had a shotgun, and not wanting to feel pathetic, Mike had taken an empty flower vase—Hey, at least, it was heavy and guaranteed pain to whatever Mike threw it at.

Outside the Byers's house, they heard grunts. Squealing noises. Then an impact near the window. Not a second later, a Demodog went through the living room's window. Everyone jumped. When they approached the fallen creature, it was pretty dead.

The front door creaked.

Mike turned towards the sound. He gasped when he saw the chain moving, sliding the door open, with a mind of its own.

He knew who was about to enter, milliseconds prior to the revelation. 'Cuz he *goddamn felt her*. Warmth exploded from his chest, *affectionloverelief* loosening a knot inside him.

Eleven had grown considerably since the last time they saw each other. She wore smudged black eyeliner, and her hair was longer—curly at the tips like Mike's. A familiar trail of blood ran from her nose.

Sparks.

As soon as Mike's gaze met hers, sparks sizzled and blinded him. Mike smiled to make her feel welcome. Eleven called out his name. That was enough to make him run to her. He buried his face in El's jacket, smelling *ozone*.

"I never gave up on you." Mike hurried to assured her. "I called you. I called you every day for-"

"353 days." Eleven stated her eyes wet and red. "I heard you."

The confusion didn't take long to appear. Mike felt betrayed, hurt. "Why didn't you tell me you were there? That you were okay?"

Hopper hadn't allowed it, apparently. Mike noted the familiarity in the way El and the Chief embraced and that told him everything he needed.

Jesus.

"Are you kidding me? You've been hiding her all this time?"

He lashed out to Hopper. Not an easy target as it seemed. Mike soon realized he was hitting a freaking rock. A rock that dragged him up all the way to the bedroom Will was lying down.

Over Mike's outrage, Hopper growled at him to blame him, and not El, for the lies.

"Of course I don't blame her! I blame you!"

Of course, Hopper went for the smart ass move. "Perfect, kid. Good for you."

Mike saw *red*. He jumped over the man, hitting the Chief's chest until his fists went numb. "You're a liar, you're a liar! I blame *you*!"

"Hey, hey! Calm down, kid! Stop!"

"I blame you!" Trapped in the big fortress Hopper had as a body, Mike finally let go. He killed his demons one by one. Bang! Bang! Bang! "It's your fault… it's your fault." Fuck. Crying again? Mike was freaking tired of it. For the last two days, he felt he hadn't done anything else but cry like a baby.

"You're okay, kid… It's gonna be okay."

"No." Mike groaned, now clinging to Hopper. "It won't be." Eleven was back. Will was trapped in his own body. "What if… what if it means I have to lose him again now?"

Eleven had existed without Will, after all. Will had existed this past year, without Eleven. They were two mythological identities of different dimensions that had never crossed paths before. What if there was a good cosmic reason for it?

Will or Eleven. Eleven or Will.

"Nonsense." Hopper barked. "Listen, kid. In this life you cling to what you want and you don't let go. Do you understand? That's what Will is doing. He's clinging to us. To you. Believe me, it's the one thing that girl never stopped doing. It's what keep us going."

Mike blinked open his wet eyes. On the bed, Will remained unconscious, still.

It came, then. The name of the peculiar feeling. Wasn't spectacular like the movies made it out to be. No fireworks. No romantic music.

It was only Mike going back to the drawings sticking out from under the bed. He stared at them, and just knew it.

Loving Will had always been so natural.

Will had been his first friend. Will had been the beginning. The first chapter.

And trailing back to him, was inevitable. Mike's sneakers took him to the bedside. Hopper squeezed his shoulder before leaving them alone.

Mike sniffled a few times, slowly settling down.

The sketches returned to his hands.

Mike sat on the floor, filling his lap with them. "I think you have a thing for the freckles, you perv'." Will liked them. That was for sure. The though made Will blush. "Good news. Not going crazy after all. Eleven is alive. She'll help you. You're finally gonna have someone to talk to about the Upside Down. Cool, isn't it?" Mike's fingertips outlined the shape of his pencil-made hair, still dumbfounded.

While Mike had spent the last 353 nights talking to static, Will had been doing *this*.

So engrossed he was, he didn't know he had company until El's quiet voice broke the silence.

"You're sad." Eleven was watching him from the threshold which Hopper had left half-open. Mike hugged the sketches against his chest automatically.

"Nah." Mike tried to smile, he really did, but his face hurt for all the crying. "I've never been happier, actually. I have all my friends together again in one place, the whole gang."

Eleven walked towards Will, studying him carefully. Mike gave a pat on the floor besides him, inviting her to sit. He saw the drawing Eleven was carrying in her right hand. The Shadow Monster's silhouette scrawled in black pen. Behind them, Will sighed. "I missed you." Mike mumbled. "I feel you when you're close. Sounds crazy, huh? I mean, for a while I actually thought I *was* going crazy."

("We can go crazy together.")

Eleven gently pulled the paper sheets from him. Mike didn't put out much of a fight since it was pretty impossible to deny her anything. El remained silent for a long time, absorbing each sketch. When she finally spoke, it wasn't what Mike expected to hear.

"Will says we have to close the gate."

"I know." The mere mention attracted Mike to Byers's direction,

watching his face out of the corner of his eyes. "But which gate is he talking about?"

"The gate I opened." With great care, Eleven sorted the sketches in more order of how Mike had found them. They were returned to Mike with a stern look. Mike didn't like it, since he had seen that determined expression before.

"Dammit." He stood up. Restless, he covered Will with the dinosaur's blanket that had been discarded at the feet of the bed. He wanted to do something useful. Rubbing Will's boney and slightly blue legs, seemed to do the trick. "I just got you back, and not half an hour later, you're ready for another suicidal mission?" Eleven and Will definitely had that in common. The idiots. "Can you find him? The real Will?"

Eleven furrowed his brow. "He's here, Mike."

"Yes, but..."

"He's sick." Eleven flexed her hand towards Will, touching his forehead. "But he's here. I can feel him inside. Same way you can... feel me."

Mike nodded. At least, Will wasn't was lost in another world beyond their reach, like last year. He was just being invaded by a parasite. He could be cured. They *would* cured him. Somehow. "All right. Tell me more about this damn gate."

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"*If I had the power*

I would give it all to you

And that's what my wish is

To make you invincible too."

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end of track 01.

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